

Everybody's A Little Different by Literally_No_One_Cares

Series: [Different Is The New Normal \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: BETWEEN JONATHAN AND STEVE, F/F, F/M, Implied Sexual Content, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Jonathan has powers, Joyce has powers, M/M, Multi, NOT WITH ANY OF THE KIDS YOU SICK FUCKS, Non-Linear Narrative, This is a clusterfuck, Will has Powers, there are four different plots happening all at the same time but not concurrently

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove (mentioned), Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lonnie Byers (mentioned), Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler (mentioned), Neil Hargrove (mentioned), Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven/Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

For Jane, it's in an ordinary moment.

For Max, it's in the fight.

For Joyce, it's with a doctor.

For Hopper, it's a family.

For Jonathan, it's a poorly-kept secret.

For Steve, it's the worst timing.

For Will, it's all at once.

Everybody's A Little Different

Author's Note:

Keeping with the theme, working title was 'Sometimes A Family Is A Psychic Mom, Her Two Psychic Sons, Her Psychic Future Step-Daughter, And All Of Their Platonic and Romantic Partners'

It starts when Jane stares at Mike for a long time. It's something she does often, but this time in particular it's because he read her one of her flashcards and she didn't hear a word he said.

"El? Come on, I know you know this one," Mike says.

"Are there a lot of people like you?"

She means, of course, are there a lot of people out there who like boys and girls, and a lot of people who date multiple people at the same time. Mike told her he liked boys thirty-seven days ago, and he started dating Will very soon afterwards.

"I only know for sure about Jonathan, Steve, and Nancy," he tells her. "Do you think maybe you're like me, too?"

She thinks for a moment. She knows she's like Mike. She knows she likes a girl. Why is it hard to say so? It must have been hard for Mike too. She's glad he felt like he could tell her.

"I'm like you," she says softly.

Mike grins. "Alright, who's the girl?"

Mike told her about Will, and it worked out well for everyone involved. She had no reason to hide anything from him. "Max."

"Huh. I kind of thought you *didn't* like Max," he thinks aloud.

"I thought she was, she wanted to...re...re..."

"Replace?"

"I thought she was trying to replace me. She would not do that. She's the same as me and Will; her family is like Papa," Jane explains. It had taken some time, but she knows Max is no threat to her. In fact, she sees Max as comforting, someone who understands like no one else (other than Will).

"You know you can't just tell her, right?" Mike asks. "She might not be the same as us, and she might not like people who're different."

"What do I do?"

"Try being really good friends first?" he suggests. "Get to know her better. Then it'll be easier to tell how she feels."

Jane thinks she can do that. "What was the last card you read?"

For Joyce, the first time she knows she's different is when her parents take her to the doctor and they say she has "hysteria." It's supposed to be a thing that happens to women and girls sometimes, and no one knows why. Women are just crazy. End of story.

Except, it doesn't make sense to her, because hysteria is supposed to be all about freaking out for no reason, and damn it, she has her reasons.

Later on, she hears that men are being diagnosed with something that has all the same symptoms of her "hysteria," and they get it from traumatic events. It still doesn't quite match her reasons, but at least she knows it's not something that's going to be written off just because she's a woman.

Now, the doctor says she has "anxiety issues."

When she was in high school, the kids said she could see through people. She kept telling herself that all of the things her mind kept telling her were the hysteria talking, so she stayed with Lonnie when she got pregnant, even when everything in her told her to run, and it took Lonnie leaving to show her she was right.

She sees it in Jonathan, sometimes. She can see the way he looks at Will, or at Nancy, or Steve Harrington (though that's a more recent

development) and she knows that he sees people for who they really are. She never says a word, but then, neither does Jonathan, and if Will has the same gift, she can't seem to tell.

She's glad that she's learned to trust her intuition. If she hadn't, they might not have saved Will.

Jane decides quickly how to start her mission of getting closer to Max.

Step one: get Hopper's permission.

He's sitting at the kitchen table, looking at the newspaper and drinking a cup of coffee. She sits down across from him and waits quietly for him to put the paper down.

When he does, she gets right to the point. "Sleepover."

"You want to have a sleepover. Is this a one on one thing, or can I expect all of your friends to be here? And, if it's a one on one thing, it better not be Mike Wheeler, because that falls under 'don't be stupid.'"

She rolls her eyes. "Not Mike."

"Not Mike? So all of them, then? You all have to sleep in the living room, on the floor, and you and Mike have to have at least two people lying between you," Hopper continues. "Maybe I could get Joyce to help chaperone."

"No, just one," she corrects him.

"One? Oh, Will, right? That's fine. Hell, Will can sleep in your bed for all I care. I know he's not going to try anything."

"No," she groans.

"Ok, not Will either. Which kid is it?"

Jane sighs. *Finally*. "Max."

“The girl, with the skateboard?” When she nods, he keeps going. “She’s ok too. Have you actually asked her yet?”

“No. You first.”

Step two: ask Max.

For Jonathan, it’s a secret. It’s something he swears he’s never going to tell a soul, for the longest time.

He feels the crackle of electricity in his skin when Steve is in the room, which he used to think was some sort of jealousy. The feeling that comes from Steve is uncomfortable, unpleasant. It’s not like when Nancy’s around and he can feel warmth radiating off of her. The two of them together is a different vibe altogether, her warmth and his electricity—it’s an overwhelming sensation that he can’t seem to place.

When Steve and Jonathan become civil after the Demogorgon is gone, after Will is back, and the electricity stays, Jonathan doesn’t know what to think. They’re all friends now. It should go away.

Being with Nancy is the warmest Jonathan has ever been. On that first night, he hadn’t expected her warmth to get stronger. He thought he knew how warm and light she was, and then they kissed and her warmth spread all over him like never before.

The next time he sees Steve, he still feels the electricity crackling fiercely, maybe more so than before, under his skin. He thinks that maybe it has nothing to do with jealousy, maybe it’s just Steve’s energy, the same way he knows Nancy’s energy.

He knows everyone’s energy, really.

Will is a fragile feeling, soft and good but brittle. It’s been with him all along, before he disappeared, and it hasn’t changed. He can feel fluctuations in it, like he can Nancy.

Joyce feels like pure strength. Perhaps, a little brittle like Will, but more like she’s too strong. He can’t describe it in any other words. He can feel her looking into him, and he knows she can feel him looking

back. He wonders what she sees.

Jane. The first time he ever sees her, she's with his mom, and it feels like the room is full to the brim with both of them. They're different, of course, but the strength is so similar it's like they're magnifying each other. They're not like magnets or electricity where like poles and charges force each other away, they're pooling together.

He could go on and on.

The reason his perception of Steve changes is an innocent hug at a Christmas party. He really never thought Steve Harrington would hug him but well, here they are. He walks in, sees Jonathan, and slings an arm around his shoulders.

Then, the electricity changes. It's as though the circuit has been closed, allowing for Steve's electric energy to flow through Jonathan full-force.

He never wants it to stop.

Jane sits in the blanket fort, as patiently as she can manage.

The party is coming over to play Mike's newest campaign. Jane doesn't play, she just likes to watch (and since she doesn't play, she's allowed to know what Mike's planning next, and to help him write campaigns).

The second it was finished—Saturday morning—the party was called over via SuperCom.

Since Jane doesn't have a bike, Hopper has to drive her. Which means after Lucas gets there first, she gets there before the rest of the party. And now she waits.

Will gets there next, sitting with Mike on the couch. They hold hands, and smile, and it gives Jane a feeling she doesn't quite know what to call but she really likes it.

She should be looking at her latest vocabulary workbook, or one of the shorter chapter books she's supposed to be reading. Instead, the

anticipation of seeing Max and asking her to spend the night keeps her from focusing, and her boys are equally distracting.

Dustin comes in, and then it's ten more minutes before Max comes down the stairs, skateboard in hand.

Max kisses Lucas on the cheek (Dustin makes several disgusted sounds) and sits at the table. They've had to find more chairs, since it was just the four of them before and now there's six of them. It's a tight fit at the tiny table, but no one seems to mind occasionally bumping elbows...the time Dustin accused Lucas of jostling the table to change his roll is another story.

Jane takes her place next to Mike. Will now sits adjacent to them, instead of across from Mike like he used to, and Max and Lucas are the ones that sit across from the DM (well, DMs).

Dungeons and Dragons doesn't always make a lot of sense to Jane. Dwarves and wizards and clerics—it's all so complex. Max plays something called a rogue?

The campaign seems to go by in a flash, but it's actually several hours. Dustin and Lucas leave at the same time, although Dustin lives closer to Will. Jonathan's been upstairs with Nancy, and presumably, Steve, all day, so he'll be driving Will home. For a few moments, it's just Jane, her boys, and Max alone in the basement.

"I guess I should get home. Billy can only cover for me for so long, and since he's doing it unwillingly, he's not doing his best."

After Max had drugged and threatened Billy the night the gate was closed, he's been afraid of her, and afraid of what she's told him Jane can do. He's easily made to do whatever she wants; as long as he's reminded Jane's just a radio transmission away, he's obedient.

"Wait," Jane says, just as Max is on the second step.

She turns around. "Yeah?"

"I wanted to ask you if...you wanted to sleep at my house?"

Will glances at Mike. Jane can hear Mike whisper that he'll explain

later. Will isn't subtle about looking back at Jane and Max.

"Like, spend the night? A sleepover?" Max says redundantly. "Why?"

It only stings a little bit that she seems so shocked. It's Jane's own fault. She's the one that didn't like Max for completely stupid reasons. "We're the only girls in the party. We should be closer."

Max steps back down onto the floor of the basement, closer to Jane. "You always get right to the point." She says it almost fondly (Jane might be reading too much into it, though). "Yeah, ok. I'll call home from your place and tell my mom where I am."

The door at the top of the stairs opens and Jonathan comes down. His hair is all messed up, and his face is red. He always looks like that when he's been in Nancy's room. Jane has asked Mike what it means but he just says it's gross and she doesn't want to know.

"Will, time to go."

Max looks away long enough for Mike to peck Will's cheek. Will hugs Jane, says goodbye, and he's gone.

Jane can feel Mike's eyes on her, but she says nothing.

Jonathan waits a few minutes in the car before he asks.

"What was up with what I walked in on back there?"

Will shrugs. "You know about as much as I do. Jane asked Max to spend the night at her house. It felt weird."

"Yeah, the air was...crackling," Jonathan tells him. After everything that had happened, Jonathan had decided to tell Will about how he feels things, energies, from people and situations.

"Like when you see Steve?" Will teases.

"Shut up." Although...he isn't exactly wrong. It did seem like what was moving between Jane and Max was similar to what he felt from Steve. "Did you get anything from either of them?"

Will's newly developing abilities are a secret too. He only told Jonathan because Jonathan told Will. It's also something he has little control over; ever since he came back from the Upside Down, he's been able to hear pieces of his friends' thoughts, especially Jane's. Originally, he didn't want anyone to know in case it was something the Mind Flayer did to him, but Jonathan's powers must mean that it runs in the family, so it's not as scary.

"Not really, Mike was talking. I think she was pretty nervous, though. Jane, not Max," Will replies.

"Did you hear anything else?" Jonathan asks.

"I knew what enemy Mike was going to use next before he did it, once. Also I heard Mrs. Wheeler thinking about Ted leaving his underwear on the bathroom floor."

"Gross."

Jane closes her bedroom door. With Max in her room. She is not panicking at all.

And grass is purple.

"You know, I actually think you're pretty cool," Max says. She's sitting on the floor with her back against the foot of the bed, and she's looking at one of the three vocabulary books Jane has finished.

Jane sits down too. "You think I'm cool?"

"Yeah, I mean, you're pretty much a superhero, and you've got your whole edgy punk thing going on," she elaborates.

"Bitchin'," Jane mumbles.

"Bitchin'," Max agrees. "I just don't know why you don't like me."

Jane knew it was coming eventually, just not right now. "I went to the school. I saw you with Mike. It made me feel bad."

"That's hilarious. You probably saw me trying to convince him to be

my friend and him being a total dick. He didn't want another girl in the party when you were still out there somewhere."

"I thought you wanted to replace me," Jane admits. "I thought you wanted to be with Mike."

"Wheeler's not really my type," Max laughs. "I wanted him to like me, so bad, but not like that. I knew no one could come between him and Wi—whatever it was he was being all closed off about. I didn't find out about you until the Demodogs started showing up."

"You were going to say Will."

Max groans. "You and the bluntness, man. I knew Mike really cared about Will. He still does."

"You thought Mike wanted to date Will," Jane states more than asks.

"Maybe." A pause. "Ok so they hold hands a lot? Even before the point that I'm pretty sure is when they started dating."

"You know?"

"Everybody knows, we're just waiting for you guys to want to talk about it. If you're not ready, we can drop it," Max says, pushing up onto her feet. She paces a bit.

"We're all cool with it, if you were worried about that," she continues. "There are people like that in California, too. People like Mike? I don't know if there's a word for dating two people but there's a word for dating boys and girls. I know you like words, or learning new words or whatever."

Jane looks up at Max expectantly.

"So like, people that are straight—boys that like girls and girls that like boys—are called heterosexual. People that are gay—that like boys instead of girls and vice versa—are called homosexual. I don't think people usually use that one in a nice way. Anyway, people who like both are called bisexual. Bi for short."

"Bisexual." The word is as foreign as any other new one in Jane's

mouth. "It sounds like bicycle."

"Bi means two. So, a bicycle has two wheels, a bisexual person likes two types of people."

"You think Mike is bisexual?"

"I mean, he could be something else but that's the word people use," Max says.

Jane stands up so she can be face to face with Max. "I'm bisexual."

"Can I ask why you were jealous of me and not Will?" Max asks. Jane may not be the most socially-ept of the party, but she knows a subject change when she sees one.

"Will was here first. If someone should have been jealous, it should have been Will. You were new, and I was gone. You were replacing me. Does it bother you that I'm bisexual?"

Max blanches. "What makes you say that?"

"You didn't say anything about it after I said it, and you asked about something else."

"Yeah but why should it bother me? I've known for weeks that Wheeler's bi and that doesn't bother me." Max turns away from Jane.

"I like girls. You're a girl. You came to sleep at my house without a sleeping bag," Jane spells out. "If it makes you feel weird I can sleep on the couch."

"It's only weird if we make it weird," Max says.

"How do you make it weird?"

"You're doing it already. Just...stop talking about it so much. It doesn't have to bother me but the more you talk about it the more it feels like it should."

Jane steps forward. She still leaves room between them, although it's not like it matters because Max is dutifully staring down the wall. "I

think not looking at me makes it weird.”

“Jesus,” Max huffs. “Maybe I think if I look at you I’ll make it weird.”

That makes no sense to Jane. There’s something here she’s not reading right, something that she can’t grasp because she’s not good at understanding other people and even less so other people that aren’t Mike. If Jane feels awkward because Max won’t look at her, how could looking at her possibly make it worse?

Then Max spins around with a fire in her eyes. Jane’s only seen her look like that when she’s upset.

“Maybe I think if I look at you I’ll do something stupid,” Max murmurs. It’s too soft for the way she looks, for the fire. The intensity of her gaze almost makes Jane retreat back a few steps. Almost. She stands her ground, ready to make things as not-weird as she can. Max steps closer, closer, until there’s nowhere for Jane to go without backing her knees into the bed.

Jane searches Max’s fiery eyes for something she can understand.

“Max...friends don’t—”

“Yeah yeah, friends don’t lie. I get it. You want me to spill my guts and then we’ll bond and be all mushy like you and Mike and Will and Dustin and *Lucas*.”

Max is afraid. That’s the fire. That’s where it comes from. She’s afraid of being hurt, and also afraid of hurting Lucas. She makes herself look scarier to keep people away.

“Lucas knows about Mike and Will,” Jane says without preamble.

“Duh? What’s your point?”

“Does it upset Lucas? That Mike and Will are dating, and me and Mike are dating?” Jane inquires. She speaks even slower than normal, choosing the words carefully.

“No, but I still don’t get—”

“You’re scared that if you say you like girls...if you say you like me, Lucas will be hurt,” Jane challenges her.

Max’s eyes could burn holes into Jane’s skin, if they really wanted to, and she’s breathing hard, and then she’s pushing Jane’s shoulders, once, twice, and then—

For Max Mayfield, it starts, as do many things, with a fight.

They moved here to get away from her dad, sure. That’s part of it. But Billy’s d—Nei—her step dad walked in on Billy with his hand down the neighbor boy’s pants, and then there was a lot of screaming, and Max got asked about why she had a bruise on her wrist at school, and now they live in Hawkins.

Max has learned quickly that, while there are people out there who are ok with people liking people of the same gender, her step dad isn’t one of them.

She doesn’t tell Billy how she feels, mostly because he doesn’t deserve to know. She doesn’t offer him any sort of bonding opportunity or solidarity. She’s not going to let him worm his way into her life after how he’s treated her, that’s just stupid. No, she waits for another fight to come and change things.

Mike starts being her friend after they fight a few times.

She starts dating Lucas after they fight the Demodogs.

Billy starts respecting (well, fearing) her after his fight with Steve.

So, it’s fitting that she kisses Jane Hopper after a fight too.

It’s just a quick peck (they’re thirteen and twelve, what else should she expect), but it means a lot. With that press of her lips to Jane’s, she’s acknowledging how she feels, who she is, and that Jane apparently feels the same.

“There, is that what you wanted?” she sniffs.

“Yes,” Jane says.

Max laughs. "You're crazy."

"Lucas will understand," Jane tells her, placing a hand on her shoulder. "He knows you care about him."

Max knows there will be more fights; however, she also knows that fights can start things, so it's ok if it means things keep going the way they are.

For Steve, it starts when he tells Nancy to go with Jonathan instead. Which really makes no sense, because that should be when it's over but nothing in this fucking town makes any sense so why should one teenager's love life be any different?

Well, in that it's not any less abnormal. It's still different, sure, just not different from the rest of Steve's messed up life.

Breaking up with a girl shouldn't be when he realizes he loves not only her but also the guy he literally just told her she should be with. And killing interdimensional beings shouldn't be bonding activity, yet here he is. If Steve's being honest with himself—something he doesn't do often—he knew he was fucked the second Jonathan set the monster on fire. That shouldn't be hot (heh, hot...fire...). And again, here he is.

The hardest part about being in love with two people at once is figuring out how to go about telling them. He can't just walk up to Jonathan and say 'hey so I'm gay and also you're attractive,' can he?

Can he?

For Hopper, his life starts again with a curly haired little girl and a tired single mom.

It's slow, at first, once Jane is an official member of the Hopper family (of two), which is a pleasant change from the fast paced monster fighting, government conspiracy, and practical exorcism-filled life they've been leading. Jane does her studying and watches TV. The worst crime to be committed is an accidental robbery by a

five year old who took candy from the supermarket.

Of course, things never stay slow for long. Jane is dating the Wheeler kid, which is dangerous. Will seems to sleep at their cabin more and more, and when he doesn't it's usually because Jane's at the Byers' house.

Jim has his own sleepover with the Byers family.

Jane is spending the night, so he's driven her there, and decides to stay for a little while to catch up with Joyce. 'How's Will doing in school?' 'Is Jonathan getting his portfolio ready for NYU?' 'How's work?' 'Lonnie giving you any trouble?'

Staying for a few minutes suddenly turns into Will and Jane turning in for the night while Hopper and Joyce are still sitting at the kitchen table talking. Jonathan comes in from work. He goes to bed eventually too.

"Hop, it's pretty late," Joyce tells him, as though he doesn't know.

"It's alright, there's not much traffic at night. I'll be fine to drive home," he assures her. And then yawns like he's never yawned before.

"I don't want you nodding off on your way home. Maybe you should just stay. I'm sure Jonathan won't mind sleeping on the couch."

"Joyce, it's fine, really."

She gets a funny look on her face. "You want to stay. Why are you saying you don't when you obviously do?" A pause. "I didn't mean to say that. You know what, go home, Jim. You'll be fine."

Jim puts his hand over hers. "How do you know I want to stay?"

Joyce takes several deep breaths.

"You'll think I'm crazy," she says at last.

"Joyce. Your son was taken by a monster to a different dimension and my daughter can move shit with her mind. What could you

possibly say that could be crazier than that?”

“It’s just...it’s something I probably should have mentioned before.” She frowns. “Ok. Ok, I can do this. So, Jane. She can enter that other place and see anyone anywhere. And there are others like her out there, others that were taken by the D.O.E. But not everyone with gifts like hers was taken or experimented on.”

Hopper’s putting the pieces together; he’s going to let her say it herself anyway.

“I...when I was little, I could tell when people were bad. I’d get so terrified by people with bad intentions that I’d scream and cry if they got near me. My parents took me to doctor after doctor that said I was crazy, and after I had Jonathan they told me I had anxiety problems. I learned to stop trusting what I felt because everyone kept telling me that it was something wrong with me. And then I met that wonderful, sweet little girl, and I found out what she could do...Hopper, I always know what people want. I don’t know how, I don’t know why, but I just know. I don’t know if it’s hereditary, or if it’s just me. I don’t know. Maybe Jonathan has it.”

Hopper thinks back over the years, to sitting in the high school parking lot smoking with a girl he’d been crazy over, only to lose her to that creep Lonnie Byers. Not that he was hers to begin with. Jim was too chicken-shit to tell her, and then he moved on.

“So, what do I want, right now?”

Joyce’s breathing quickens. “I don’t—”

“Have you ever been wrong before?” he asks. She shakes her head. “Then you know what I want.”

“You want to stay here. And not in Jonathan’s room,” she says, so gently, like it might change if she says it too loud.

Jim’s second chance at life, at a family, involves a lot more sci-fi shit than he thought it would (which is none at all), but he wouldn’t trade it for the world.

Jonathan's home alone. Will is at Mike's house, Joyce is at work, and he's got time to sit quietly and go through his portfolio. If he wants to get into NYU, it has to be absolutely perfect. As is, it's probably good enough, but that's not good enough for Jonathan.

He doesn't work himself to death over it, though. He takes a break every twenty minutes to stretch, and during this particular break, he goes to the kitchen to get a glass of water.

On his way, he sees movement outside and stills.

Steve Harrington is pacing the length of his front porch, muttering to himself.

Jonathan crouches beneath the window and quiets his breathing to see if he can hear anything Harrington is saying.

“Jonathan! Just came by to say hi, and also your face is nice.’ Too enthusiastic. ‘Oh, hi Jonathan. I thought I’d just come see if you were free to let me stare at you for prolonged periods of time.’ Seriously what the fuck is wrong with me? ‘Hey Jonathan. Did you know that I swing both ways? Because I didn’t! Surprise!’ Jesus, I’m a fucking idiot. ‘Jonathan. I have eyes, you’re pretty. Can I touch your dick?’”

Jonathan belatedly realizes he's laughing loud enough for Steve to hear him.

“Shit. *Shit.*”

Jonathan rushes to the door and throws it open. He's still chucking but he really can't help it. The air is crackling, nothing new, and Steve feels very wound up right now.

“Byers.”

“Harrington,” Jonathan mimics.

“How much of that did you hear?”

“Everything after you said my face is nice,” he tells Steve.

“And you're not punching me, which is a good sign.”

“My favorite was definitely the part where you said you want to stare at me for prolonged periods of time. What happened to me being the creepy one?”

Steve groans. “Now is not the time to make jokes, Byers. Either say you hate me now and get it over with, or whatever it is you’re going to do, so I can go home.”

“How could I hate you after you just called me pretty? Ok, I’m done. No more making fun of you, I promise. Do you want to help me look through the photos in my portfolio for my college applications?”

“That’s it?” Steve huffs. “I pour my fucking heart out and you want to go look at pictures you’ve seen a million times?”

Jonathan leans against the doorframe. “Steve. You just said you found me attractive. I just invited you into my *empty house*. Where I am home alone. Looking at a bunch of pictures spread out on my bed.”

Steve short circuits.

Fifteen minutes and two handjobs later, Steve regains the presence of mind to remember that Nancy exists.

“Shit, did you just cheat on Nancy?” he gasps, sitting bolt-upright in Jonathan’s bed.

“Nancy knows how I feel about you. And if it makes you feel any better, I slept with Nancy before I knew you guys were sort of broken up. By the way, do you realize you never actually broke up with Nancy?

Uh, no. Steve thought he had made it clear that he was stepping back. Apparently not.

“Wait so Nancy is just...cool with the idea of you hooking up with me?”

“When I figured out I liked you,” Jonathan begins, “I told Nancy. I don’t want to keep anything from her. She said she still cared about

you too.”

Steve doesn't know what to do with that. “She told me she didn't love me.”

“She was just pushing you away. She does love you,” Jonathan insists. “After everything that happened, she wasn't ready for life to be normal. I think, now that she feels like she got justice for Barb, she's ready.”

“I love Nancy,” Steve says. Jonathan looks at him like he's stupid. “No, listen, ok? I love Nancy, but I don't just love Nancy. I love you too.”

“I know,” Jonathan replies, the little shithead.

“What do you mean you know?”

“I've known for a while. Or at least, I had my suspicions. I wanted to wait for you to make the first move so that I knew you were ready. And I think we're all ready at the same time.”

For Will, it comes out all at once. They're at his house because he's one of two party members with an Atari so far, so they're taking turns playing Adventure.

He looks over at Jane, and he picks up on a stray thought.

“You kissed Max?”

He really doesn't mean to say it out loud. But the image of it in her mind catches him off guard and he can't stop himself in time.

Lots of things are happening. Max is looking at him like he grew a second head. Lucas has dropped the Atari controller. Dustin is very Confused. Mike and Jane are looking at each other like neither of them know what to say. Somewhere in the house, someone is choking (and he thinks it's the chief). Then, everyone's talking all at once.

“Who? Who kissed my girlfriend?”

“Stalker, maybe we should talk alone?”

“You’re looking at Jane why are you looking at Jane, holy shit. Holy shit. So Jane kissed Max? Why did Jane kiss Max?”

“How did you know El likes Max? She didn’t tell anyone but me.”

“Ok so you know how Will and Jane are both dating Mike? How would you feel about you and Jane both dating me?”

“I thought about Max. Did you know I thought about Max?”

“Holy SHIT, does Will have powers? Did you get actual powers from being in the Upside Down? You got true sight from the Mind Flayer but like—”

“Wait you guys know I’m dating Will?”

“Max kissed me first.”

“I slept over at her house and we were talking about how she likes girls—”

It’s all too much for Will. He’s hyperventilating, and his head feels funny, and he just wants to scream, but he can’t, it’s too much, and then his upper lip feels warm and everyone has simultaneously stopped talking.

Will presses a shaking hand under his nose, only to pull away blood stained fingers.

“Will,” Jane says softly. “Will is like me.”

He must have said something. He must have told them all to be quiet somehow, with his powers. That’s the only explanation Will can come up with.

“Sometimes I know what people are thinking,” Will says once he catches his breath. “I’ve never said anything back before.”

“Did That start before or after you were in the Upside Down?” Mike asks.

“I don’t really know. I didn’t notice it until after but it could have been happening before and I just wasn’t paying attention.”

“It didn’t come from the Upside Down,” Will adds as an afterthought. “I know because Jonathan has powers too. He says everyone has a unique energy that he can feel and he can tell people’s emotions from it.”

It’s not his secret to tell, but he needs them to know it’s not more side effects of being possessed.

“Joyce has powers,” Jane informs them. “I can feel it when she uses them.”

Will hadn’t known that. That makes him feel a lot better, knowing it really does run in the family. Everything’s out in the open now, and he’s grateful for it.

Author's Note:

Hope you enjoyed this mess of a fic (it was meant be about the same as first and one and \[~.~]/ hell if I know what happened)

If it’s a little hard to tell, Joyce’s powers are basically being able to feel people’s intentions, but she doesn’t trust it because she doesn’t know what it is. Jonanathan is sort of an empath? He can feel the way people’s emotions shift but also their general energy. Will (who can hear thoughts and, once he works on it a little, project his own thoughts) is the most powerful of the three of them, even though Jonathan can’t tell it from his energy.